



## POETRY.

From the Detroit Courier.

## 'TIS SWEET.

'Tis sweet to roam at twilight hour  
Amid the dark wood's solitude,  
For there within the woodland bower  
No thoughts of sorrow dare intrude.

'Tis sweet amid the rustling trees  
To hear the night bird's distant cry,  
As gentle on the passing breeze  
It echoes to the deep wood sigh.

'Tis sweet to watch the glow-worm's fire,  
When sitting 'side the wild wood rill;  
To hear the distant swelling lyre  
Echoing from a neigh'ring hill.

'Tis sweet! when through the air doth float,  
Borne by the passing breeze along,  
The nightingale's sweet mellow note  
In its full tide of evening song.

'Tis sweet to view the moon arise  
In all her cloudless majesty;  
When glowing from the eastern skies  
She threads her starry canopy.

'Tis sweet when we at distance roam,  
To think of friends we soon shall meet,  
And when we reach our absent home,  
To find all well, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet.

'Tis sweet to meet affection's smile,  
Beaming from those we dearly love,  
Artless and free from every guile,  
To meet them thus! 'tis sweet to rove.

Yet, sweeter far, a Saviour's love,  
To worship at Emmanuel's feet;  
To leave the earth, and seek above  
The rest of saints, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet.

From the Saturday Courier.

## A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

(Continued.)

The trial went on, the cold forms of a court of law were gone through. Francis Durand was called to the witness stand. The prisoner suddenly raised his head, (for fatigue had compelled him again to rest it on the table,) and continued gazing earnestly at the witness during the whole of his testimony. Durand stated in a very cool and collected manner, that about eleven o'clock on the night of—, he was sitting by the window, in his bed room in the—hotel. That he observed two men meet and accost each other in the street, just opposite where he was sitting. One of the men he recognised as George Pennfield, Esq., the other he believed was James Beauchamp. Some words which witness did not understand, passed between them in a low, compressed and angry tone—after which Beauchamp drew a dirk and stabbed Pennfield in the breast, who immediately fell. That he (witness) had then given the alarm, and rushed to the street; that the doors of the hotel being fastened, the murderer had fled ere he succeeded in getting out.

He found Pennfield quite dead, and several persons, whom his cries had aroused, standing by his side.

The watchmen swore that they had discovered the scene immediately on being aroused by the cry of murder; that the murderer, when discovered by them, appeared to be extracting something from the pocket of the murdered man; that he fled, and they pursued and soon overtook the prisoner, whom, from his dress and size, they believed to be the same they had seen standing over the body of the murdered man; that at the time they had come up with him, he was not running, but walking calmly along; that he had manifested the greatest horror and surprise, asserting his innocence in the strongest terms, on being taken into custody.

Two very peculiar pieces of money, found about the prisoner's person, were identified, as having been seen in Pennfield's possession, the day before his death.

As the prisoner sat there, erect, pale, his dark locks thrown back from his remarkably high forehead, and his eyes unnaturally brilliant, fixed immovably on the witnesses, he seemed less a being of this world, than a deputed spirit come back to confront his accusers.

Judge Mansfield was the first witness examined for the prisoner, and irrepressible tears rolled down his manly cheeks, as he spoke in high terms of his former irreproachable character.

Julia Durand confirmed all she had said, while the deep paleness of her countenance bore witness to her own feelings.

Several of Beauchamp's most intimate acquaintances in New Orleans testified to the rectitude of his conduct since he had been in that city; and here the evidence was closed. There was scarcely a chance for any defence. Gilbert, however, was sanguine; and he made a bold, spirited, and eloquent appeal to the jury. He exerted all the powers of a strong mind, and a vivid fancy, aided by all the best, strongest, and purest feelings of an unsophisticated heart.

In a cold, business-like manner the Judge charged the jury.

They retired; and after an hour of awful suspense, returned and announced that their decision was made. There was a breathless pause among the audience. The prisoner was sitting by the table; his elbow rested on that, and his cheek pressed upon his hand. There was no perceptible change in his countenance, as the awful—guilty—sounded through the hall! He stirred not, but sat as if changed to marble.

Lucy fainted, and was borne from the court-house. The prisoner gazed vacantly at her as she was carried away.

The Judge rose to pronounce sentence of death.

At that instant a youth, who had been observed as deeply interested in the trial, came forward from among the crowd, and requested to be heard. He was about the size of the prisoner, and his person, it was thought at the time, bore a strong resemblance to his. But conscious guilt had wrought even greater ruin than sickness and imprisonment. His form, which seemed to have been cast in nature's noblest mould, was wasted to a perfect skeleton; his countenance was of a livid paleness, and in the centre of each sunken cheek consumption had placed its unerring token.

He confessed himself the murderer of Pennfield; said that ever since the fatal night, life had been to him but prolonged torture; and to lengthen it a few days or weeks, he would not sacrifice an innocent and worthy man; that his soul was already stained deep enough with murder.

It appeared that he was a mere youth of nineteen; had been in New Orleans but a few months; had a widowed mother and an only sister in—; though poor, had been respectfully educated; that, on coming to New Orleans, he had become acquainted with the family of Pennfield; had loved deeply the only sister of the murdered man, and his affection had been all returned by the innocent, confiding girl. Her brother had always opposed strongly her attachment to him.

A few nights before the murder, that brother had won from him, at the card-table, his last dollar.

Pennfield had spoken tauntingly, contemptuously to him, on that fatal night, when he had met him in the street, and absolutely forbade all intercourse with his sister. This the fiery spirit of the spoiled boy could not endure, and in a moment of wild excitement he plunged a dagger to his heart.

'It is useless,' he continued, 'to speak of what I felt, as soon as the deed was done. Reckless and insane I wandered I knew not where. The next morning I went to see Sarah. I knew it must be the last visit, but I went, and I told her all! She was before involved in the deepest grief for the death of her brother; but never—through the endless ages of eternity—shall I forget the look with which she listened to my confession. She banished me, as I had expected, for ever from her presence; but entreated me to fly, to save myself. I did go. I had been talking of leaving the city, and my departure excited no suspicion.'

'But I could not stay. I read in the papers an account of Beauchamp's arrest, and conscience goaded me effectually. I returned to this city one week ago. The next day I gazed on the lifeless features of Sarah Pennfield! I had murdered both!'

'To-day I have heard one, I know to be innocent, pronounced guilty of the murder I committed; and though life to me is now valueless, I might—(so hard is it to confess myself a murderer)—I might, had it not been for the eloquence of that young gentleman, pointing to Gilbert, 'permitted him to die.'

'As I said before, my life is valueless. True, I too have a sister, who loves me as well, perhaps, as Pennfield's did him—as well as the devoted girl, just carried from this room, loves her brother. And—I have a mother! O God!—But I can be nothing now to them but a blighting curse! Let me die! I would not live!'

He paused.

It would be vain to describe the astonishment produced by this speech;—vain to describe the appearance of the prisoner—or of the misguided youth who was speaking—or of Lucy Beauchamp, when she was told that her brother was proved innocent—or the feelings of Gilbert, who was the first to communicate to her the welcome news, as she recovered from the long death-like swoon into which she had fallen—or the meeting of Beauchamp with his sister.

We will leave them all, and briefly narrate what remains to be told concerning the ill-fated, guilty, but noble boy, in whose fate I think my readers must be interested. For reasons, which must occur to every generous mind, he was pardoned by the governor; and his last pangs were mitigated by the presence of his sister and his mother. He had been a petted and idolized child! He died—a broken-hearted penitent! and they thought of him with hope.

## CHAPTER VII.

'And from her soft blue eyes,  
The spirit of each new-born thought looked out  
In undisguised expression, and diffused  
Over her face its own pure loveliness.'

It was the close of a glorious summer. Old Mr. Gilbert's small, white house, on the banks of the Illinois, embosomed in a rich profusion of living green, adorned by flowers of deep luxury, and canopied by a sky of sunny and gorgeous hues, had been that summer the abode of as happy a party as ever gathered around a cottage-door, on a summer's evening.

Young Gilbert, Beauchamp, and his sister, had spent several months there. James's health, which had been seriously impaired by severe suffering, was now so far restored as to admit of active exertion, for which the state of his finances was calling loudly. And it was agreed that the party, on the morrow, should leave the undisturbed repose of the country for New Orleans.

The circle, at old Mr. Gilbert's, had certainly been a happy and interesting one. The old gentleman had been an officer in the army of the revolution; and the young people were as fond of listening to his long and minute stories of those ever-interesting days, as he was of relating them; and among the listeners, none dwelt with more individual attention on every word, than Maria.

And then the long, long romantic walks on the ocean-like prairie, and amid the masses of the never-ending forest. They gathered wild flowers, they listened to the music of morning's earliest birds, they traced the course of the wayward brook, they drank in the influence of nature together.

Maria had been happy, most happy, even while she had been nursing a hopeless passion. But to her it was not then hopeless. Sanguine in all her expectations, unused to the blandishments of polite society, unskilled in reading human hearts, and too conversant with novels and romances, she imagined that the fondness which Beauchamp manifested for her society was love. Deluded girl!—He did, indeed regard her as a beautiful and rather interesting, but withal a wayward & faulty child. And the attention with which he treated her was more the effect of gratitude and friendship for the brother, than tribute to any qualities possessed by the sister. And had he even looked on her with more partiality, he would not have aspired to her hand, for she had now become an heiress. The law-suit, which Gilbert had so suddenly abandoned, he had very prudently entrusted to so good hands, that contrary to his and her most sanguine expectations, it had gone in her favor.

Beauchamp admired the firmness with which she bore her good fortune, & very justly considered it an intimation of a strong mind. But sometimes he thought of what she would be, when experience should have corrected her faults, education refined her manners, and time matured her beauty. Had he known the sacrifice she had been willing to make for his sake, his feelings towards her might, perhaps, have been more ardent.

He never dreamed of the existence of that foolish passion which his slightest attention, his most unmeaning compliment was nursing. If he had, his manner towards her would have been cold. Willingly he would not have blighted one rose in her future path; little did he think he was strewing it with thorns! Little did he think, while he twined wild flowers amid her flowing tresses, and praised the fresh bloom of her young cheek, how many bitter tears would be shed over the memory of these careless actions, and idle words! Little did he think, as he playfully kissed her forehead, while in all the artlessness and innocence of early childhood she clung around his neck, that he was mingling anguish in her cup of bliss!

And were Gilbert and Lucy all this time unmindful of each other's charms? O no, inquisitive reader. The young germs of affection, nourished at first in a dungeon, had expanded into full and beautiful bloom. The course of true love had for once flowed smoothly. And now they stood together before the marriage altar.

Lucy had never looked so beautiful before.—Her health, which anxiety and the horrors of a dungeon had impaired, was now perfectly renovated. A faint, retiring red was just perceptible on her cheek; her soft eyes were redolent of bliss, and there was a devoted look of fond confidence in the most pensive smile that played around her beautiful lips.

Gilbert's appearance was a perfect and happy contrast to Lucy's. He was tall,

his form manly and striking. His forehead was noble, and its clear, pure white was shaded by hair of the deepest black. His lips curled haughtily; but his eyes were the most striking of his features; it would have been difficult for the careless observer to have told their colour, but their expression was never surpassed. Whether they kindled with anger, flashed with delight, or melted in tenderness, they were alike unrivalled. There was a remnant of boyhood's roses on his cheek, which, in moments of animation, would gradually change to a deep, burning red; yet his countenance was manly in the extreme, and had nothing of the round, smiling plumpness usually associated with red cheeks.

But though the personal appearance of that youthful pair was interesting, it was nobility of mind that shed an unearthly glory around them. They were, indeed, redeeming spirits among common minds.

Oh, is it not exhilarating to turn from the utter selfishness of the great mass of mankind, their false and hollow friendship, their mockery of love, and gaze on generosity, devotedness, and undisguised truth?

## CHAPTER VIII.

'Well—'tis a foolish hope  
That beds itself in roses.'

Maria Gilbert was left to weep over the presumption of unfounded hopes—to lament vanished dreams. But she was a proud girl; her pride was lofty, as her affections were constant—and though in the depth of her heart was buried anguish, yet hers were not the eyes to quench their fires in unavailing grief, nor hers the cheek to grow pale of unrequited love.

But she had soon other sorrows than those of disappointed love, over which to grieve. Her parents, ere the return of spring, were both laid in the same grave. Maria, for a long time, was involved in the deepest anguish. She had been a wayward, and sometimes a disobedient child, but she had loved her parents with a depth and fervency of feeling of which common minds never dreamed; and so now the bitterness of her regret was proportional to the intensity of her love, and made a thousand times more bitter by every recollection of her former unkindness towards those who were now alike insensible to her love, and her repentance. There was, however, one consoling reflection; for, during months of their illness, she had been to them a ministering angel. Yet her reflections were sufficiently bitter to steal the colour for a while from those blooming cheeks, which nothing else could have paled.

Maria spent several years at a boarding school, and then went abroad in company with her brother and his angel wife. In Europe they resided several years, during which they visited all its countries.

The beautiful orphan, and rich heiress, did not escape admiration and flattery. But she was no coquette: she treated all her admirers and suitors with the same cold, calm, hardly respectful, indifference.

## CHAPTER IX.

'O there's a change! and many a change!  
Hymans.'

Years had passed. Beauchamp and Gilbert, the two penniless boys, stood, side by side, in the halls of Congress. Beauchamp had risen to speak on a subject which then agitated the whole Union. It was his first speech, and all eyes were turned towards him with deep interest as he arose. He was evidently much embarrassed. There was a flash on his still youthful brow; and as he commenced, in a tone so low as to be scarcely audible, his voice trembled perceptibly. But this embarrassment passed away, and he poured forth his ideas in a torrent of eloquence which animated his friends, and surprised his enemies.

The proud and overbearing southerner, in reply to whom he spoke, quailed, beneath his severe eloquence, and biting, though delicate, satire. He absolutely writhed with hate and jealousy, at finding himself baffled by a mere youth, a youth he had always scorned.

Among these ladies, his still devoted sister listened with proud joy to her brother's eloquence. By her side sat a tall, splendid-looking girl, a glorious creature, whom no one could look on once, and remain uninterested. As she watched with intense and apparent interest the youthful speaker, there was a look of exultation, of proud triumph mingled with something of a darker nature, on her most expressive features. And there was another female, who listened with parted lips, brilliant eyes, and deadly cheek. In the midst of a fine and overwhelming burst of eloquence, the eyes of the speaker accidentally met hers. There was a sudden though momentary pause, as

if he had forgotten his subject, and the slight tinge, which exertion and excitement had called to his cheek, vanished for an instant. With an apparent effort he turned away, went on, and held the audience mute for another half hour. As his glance was withdrawn, a deeper shade of anguish passed over the countenance of the lady. She looked towards Beauchamp's baffled opponent, and her husband—the haughty Durand—and met a domineering smile. A deep crimson spread over her pale features, and she bent down her head, to hide the conscious emotions they betrayed.

'Who was that queen-like beauty by your side to-day, sister?' said Beauchamp to Mrs. Gilbert, as they sat together in a private apartment, that evening.

'And is it possible that you have really forgotten your little favourite amid the wild haunts of the Illinois?'

'Was that really Maria Gilbert? Impossible! She cannot be so splendidly beautiful—and such expression in her looks!'

'Certainly, brother; eight years have produced some change.'

At that instant, the young lady in question entered the apartment, along with her brother.

There was a slight embarrassment in her manner, as she returned Beauchamp's salutation; but it passed away, & the young orator found her conversation brilliant, rich and refined.

She was no longer the fond, wild girl of fifteen, who had innocently returned his caresses—no longer the wayward, passionate child, but a dignified, graceful, and rather reserved young woman.

A slight paleness shadowed her brilliant features, as the conversation turned on long-past days, old, familiar scenes. One long-buried, but not forgotten, dream of her girlhood, rushed obstinately to her mind, and she was silent.

Of all the splendid beauties at Washington that winter—and there were many of every style of loveliness, from the dark brunette of the south, with her languid & loving eyes, to the delicate maiden of the north—none scarcely received more than a passing tribute of admiration, when Miss Gilbert was present. She was the very centre of attraction, admiration, flattery, and envy. But she moved as in her brilliant sphere of indifference—her heart untouched, and her mind weary of this homage. There was one, who remained apparently indifferent to her peerless charms. James Beauchamp treated her in company with a cold, distant respect. In the private family circle, at Gilbert's he conversed familiarly with her, and seemed happy in her society, but never betrayed any other regard for her than mere common friendship.

Miss Gilbert was an ardent worshipper at the shrine of eloquence. Beauchamp was decidedly the first orator of the session. Then, she idolized poetry. And she learned from Mrs. Gilbert, that her particular favorite among poets, Julian, was no other than the Hon. Mr. Beauchamp. This was told to her in perfect confidence, one evening, after she had become almost angry with the embarrassed poet, because he would not join in her extravagant encomiums on his own work. The romantic and proud girl can imagine her feelings, on this occasion, better than I can tell them. The intelligence certainly was not calculated to extinguish a smothered and concealed passion. But Maria nerved her soul with pride, and schooled her heart to endurance.

## CHAPTER X.

'This cheek  
Thou knowest is pale; ah! 'twas not always so.  
Well—let that pass.'

'But, it had passed away.  
Like the remembrance of a sunny dream.  
And left no pang behind.'

Another year had gone by, and wrought its full share of changes.

Julia Durand was a widow: her husband had died shortly after the events mentioned in the beginning of the last chapter. She had long been an orphan—and her brothers were in foreign climes. She resided in the family of her sister Margaret, who was married, and mistress of a splendid mansion in Washington.

Gilbert and Beauchamp were at their post in Congress; Lucy and Maria were at home—the home of Maria's childhood, by the side of the Illinois. Maria had positively and rather obstinately refused to accompany her brother to Washington—and Mrs. Gilbert's presence was required at home a few weeks, at the end of which period she intended joining her husband in that city.

Beauchamp was thrown constantly into the society of Mrs. Durand. Indeed he was always among the invited guests at Wilson's—for Margaret, though she had seldom met him during their long separation, still regarded him as a very particular friend. And he and Gilbert, who, it



will be recollected, was a cousin of hers, were invited to join, as often as it should be convenient, in their private family circle. Beauchamp, who was much fonder of joining a social circle of friends, than of mixing in promiscuous society, soon became almost an inmate of the family. His presence at first inspired bitter thoughts in the blighted heart of Julia; but as they had met as friends during her husband's life, so they met now. Beauchamp remembered his early love only as a bright dream, and he often smiled when he thought of his waking disappointment. All resentment had long been dead, and he regarded Mrs. Durand as an early and dear friend. She was changed, entirely changed; and in the melancholy widow, with her white, marble cheeks, and smileless lips, none would have recognized the blooming and happy Julia Mansfield. Yet she was still an interesting woman, and still beautiful. There was a beauty about those marble features that could not die; but it was more like the beauty of an unconscious statue, than of a living, breathing, conscious being; but for those large, deep-blue eyes, which still retained much of their former expression, she would have seemed indeed some beautiful creature of the sculptor, so passionless and changeless was her face. But she conversed eloquently, feelingly, and interestingly—and in her society Beauchamp was always happy. In mixed company, he treated her with marked attention; she was his partner in the dance; he listened with rapture when she sang, and his delicate attentions to her were remarked by all observers. Did he love her? No. Neither did he dream, that in her bosom—cold, passionless as she seemed—there could possibly linger a single smothered spark of young affection, to be kindled to a flame. Once, only once, had she betrayed any emotion in his presence. Then he had imputed it to a wrong source. He had referred, in rather a careless manner, to their young intercourse. The blood rushed in torrents to her pale cheeks, her lips trembled, and it was some time ere she could regain her accustomed composure. But, as we said before, he did not impute this emotion to the right source.

#### CHAPTER XI.

His love had yielded to his pride,  
And his deep sense of wrong.

It was a summer, proud, gorgeous summer—Beauchamp's health had suffered severely from close application to business, and he was now trying leisure amid the beautiful scenery of Illinois, as a restorative.

He and Miss Gilbert were sitting together, one evening, when a letter, directed in a delicate female hand, was brought to him. He gazed at the superscription with evident surprise, broke the seal hastily, and glanced at the signature. He changed colour, and immediately left the room.—When he was alone, he read as follows:—

“MY EARLY FRIEND.—You will be surprised, perhaps displeased, at the reception of a letter from me. I know too well that I am transgressing the received laws of female delicacy in addressing you on the subject I am about to introduce. But when I recollect how much happiness I once recklessly threw away, I would, if possible, regain some small portion of it.

You recollect too well my foolish coquetry, my heartless falsehood. I saw you were suspicious of my constancy, and fool that I was—I resolved to sport with your feelings. Yet, shall I say it? I loved you well...and the thoughts of a final separation, at that time, would have been anguish. I did not know your spirit; you treated me with a degree of indifference, which, in return, roused my resentment. I avoided you, and spent my time with Durand. I will not now speak particularly of his attention; but at last he taught me to believe I loved him, better than I had ever loved you. I married him. I will pass slightly over the events of long, long years. I would not draw aside the sacred veil of death to expose one fault of him I vowed to love. I would not, for all sublimity of happiness, pluck one green leaf from his laurel wreath of fame...I would not shadow the unsullied reputation of his name. But had suffering power to atone for crime, then had my perfidy long since been expiated.

I had learned to think of my love for you as something for ever past. But shall I own it, in spite of what the world would call indelicacy...in spite of my own burning pride...that your presence, your conversation, revived all my young affection? Yet would I have smothered and concealed it in my own bosom, had not your delicate attention to me, and some expressions, (perhaps they were unguarded) led me to believe my love was returned. Why should we sacrifice a life of happiness to pride or resentment?

“Do not despise me for what I have written, and I will say adieu.”

JULIA DURAND.

He sat alone, with this effusion in his hand, from one he had once warmly, confidently and absorbingly loved, what memories rushed thick & fast upon his mind!—The hopes, the fears, the bliss, the agonies of youth seemed all present.

(To be continued)

#### AWFUL STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

Topliff's News Room Boston, Oct. 29, 9 o'clock, P. M.

Loss of the British Steamer Royal Tar.—Capt. Thomas Howes, of the steamboat Bangor, has politely furnished us

with the following particulars of the loss of the above vessel, obtained from one of the passengers.

The steamer Royal Tar, Thomas Reed, master, of and from St. Johns N. B. for Portland, left on Friday, 21st instant, with about 90 to 100 passengers, including crew. On deck were an elephant, two camels, several horses, and a number of caged animals, comprising a travelling caravan.

On Tuesday, when crossing Penobscot Bay, and within two miles of the entrance of Fox Island thoroughfare, it was found that the water was out of the boiler, and as the wind was blowing a heavy gale from N. W. at the time, the boat was anchored for the purpose of filling the boilers; and in about an hour after (about two P. M.) she was discovered to be on fire.

The engineer with fifteen other persons immediately jumped into the largest boat, and made for the nearest land to leeward, which they reached in safety in about four hours. Capt. Reed promptly took possession of the only remaining boat, and took a position at a short distance to the windward. Three gentleman passengers, good swimmers, committed themselves to the water and were taken up by Capt. Reed.

The cable was slipped and sail made on the boat with the hope of reaching the shore, but the flames spread so rapidly from aft to forward, that her mainmast was consumed in a few minutes, and her tiller ropes being burnt away, she drifted broadside to the wind, directly out to sea.

A signal of distress had been made, and it was fortunately discovered by the Revenue Cutter, stationed at Castine, then about four or five miles to windward, and she promptly bore up to her relief. Capt. Reed put on board of her the persons in his boat and then immediately commenced taking off those remaining on board the Royal Tar.

At this time she was a mass of flames nearly from stem to stern; a small space forward which had not yet taken fire, with the bowsprit, bobstay, &c. were crowded with the survivors. Those on the quarter deck, were driven overboard by the flames and such as survived were hanging to the davit tackles, chains and ropes attached to the rudder.

Many were suspended by ropes, secured on deck, but as the fire reached them, were precipitated into the sea and drowned. The cutter unfortunately had no boat of sufficient size to render any assistance in taking off the sufferers, and having gunpowder on board, Lieut. Dyer, in command, did not deem it prudent to go very near the wreck—so that the work of rescue was unavoidably very tedious.

Capt. Reed, however, firmly and resolutely persevered with his boat though it was with some difficulty that he could obtain an efficient boat's crew to approach the wreck, fearing the elephant would go overboard and destroy the boat.

The last boat left the wreck a little before sunset, with one solitary, frantic female, the last on board, whose sister and child had both perished, before her eyes. The loss of lives is estimated at from 26 to 32, there being some small children on board which had not been insisted on Capt. Reed's passenger list—the precise number cannot be ascertained.

The prompt and praise worthy decision of Captain Reed, in securing the boat, was the only means by which the life of an individual could have been saved.—The elephant, camels and horses jumped overboard and all the animals in the cages were burnt.

None of the passengers or crew's baggage, was saved. Many of the trunks, &c. were thrown overboard in the hope they might be picked up.

The cutter landed the survivors about 8 P. M. at the Isle of Hunt, where they received the most hospitable treatment from the inhabitants. We learn there was a large amount of specie on board the Royal Tar.

The Liverpool Albion of Sept. 26, contains the annexed account of a strange incident which occurred in the Post Office of that city on the night of the 24th.

On Saturday night, about 9 o'clock, a circumstance occurred at our post office which had nearly proved fatal to one individual, and might have been productive of severe injury to many, if the full intention of the contriver of the wickedness had taken effect, though who were the intended victims it is impossible to say. We need not inform our commercial readers, that letters for foreign countries require that the postage should be paid, or they are never forwarded, but, instead, are sent to the Dead-letter office, in London, there to be stamped, opened, and returned, if practicable, to the writers. On Saturday night, a number of letters of this description, which had remained in our Post office beyond the regular period, were handed over to a man named Barnard, for the purpose of being stamped, previously to being forwarded to London by the mail. Amongst these was a bundle containing 7 letters, all directed in the same hand, and in the Spanish language, to official personages at Havana. The stamp is a heavy steel implement, with which the letter is struck with some violence. He had got through all the letters but this particular bundle, and they had been removed as he operated upon them. He also got safely through the first four of these, but in striking the fifth, the percussion produced an explosion which shook the whole building. Every clerk in the office, even those at the greatest distance, was stunned, and one who stood within a few yards of the spot, was thrown violently to the ground.

When they recovered, in some measure from the shock, they looked round for the poor man, Barnard. The floor around him was completely covered with the tattered fragments of the letters, for all the remaining three had exploded, and he lay upon the floor bleeding and insensible. He was found to have been shockingly injured; his hands being torn almost asunder, and portions of the flesh and skin peeled from them. His face was completely denuded of the skin, and one of his eyes was forced backwards with such violence that its use as an organ of vision is lost irrecoverably. The thumb-nail of the left hand was torn off, and what is more extraordinary, was shot through the left cheek. The poor man is in a very dangerous state, though hopes are entertained of his recovery. The bag which contained the other four letters, having already been made up, it was despatched by the mail during the consternation incident to the disaster. Mr. Banning instantly forwarded an express to the general Post office, informing the parties there of what had occurred, and warning them to be careful how they opened these letters. It is to be hoped that they may be found to contain some clue which will lead to the discovery of the contriver of a scheme so diabolical. The explosion was so violent that it put out all the lights & blew out five panes of glass.

**Effects of Christianity on trade.**—When missionaries were first sent to savage nations, we know that there were some merchants who expected injury to their business. They said the missionaries would spoil the trade. Others thought the effect would be good, and partly from this consideration, and partly from a philanthropic regard for the interests of the ignorant, gave the missionaries ready accommodation in their ships, and in some instances without compensation. The following extract from a report of the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands upon the effect of Christianity on commerce there does something to show which of the two opinions was correct...

“It is a very noticeable fact, that where life and property were so perfectly insecure before the introduction of Christianity, cases of theft, robbery, murder, and infanticide, once so common, are now very rare. The rights and well being of the common people are more respected by the rulers than formerly. A better code of written laws for the security of rights, than has been published or enforced, has the last year been sanctioned by the King. The existence of written laws, the prompt attention of magistrates to crimes and the introduction of a jury of the people in important trials, is evidence of a desirable advance in the administration of justice. Two years and six months after the establishment of the mission, the chief magistrate of the nation, in a fit of jealousy in respect to one of his five wives, ordered a favorite petty chieftain in his family to be slain, and there was no arm in the nation that could shield him from the despotic and murderous blow. He was beheaded in the night with a common axe while asleep.—Others of the same rank expected a similar stroke to fall as reasonably on themselves.

The first ship that ever entered the harbour of Hanalei, was perditionally, by a chief, seized, after he had been assisted in a battle with his rival, by the captain. Some days after this successful battle, captain Brown was killed and his vessel taken, but was afterwards recovered by the crew. Lieut. Hergest, of the Dedalus, and his astronomer, as they landed on the northwestern shores of Oahu, were instantly massacred by the natives. When a British officer demanded the murderers, the chief who was employed to search for them took up two men who had no concern in the affair, and brought them forward to be shot, & assisted in their execution, as he now confesses with grief. When the Royal George was wrecked here, since the establishment of Christianity, Opiia, a chief of rank, who was just beginning to seek the salvation of her soul, sent her schooner to assist in saving the cargo; for which service the captain gave her one hundred dollars. This, though a moderate compensation, she returned, and he proposed to divide it with her, to which she consented. When the Lyra was wrecked on Maui, Lahumunu sent a schooner to render gratuitous assistance, a service which could hardly be expected of a magistrate in a civilized christian country. When the Helvetius was wrecked, recently, the king and his people, and some of the residents, made exertions to save the cargo, and receive a salvage such as was proposed by captain Jones on the Peacock. Some saved portions of the salvage. The captain remarked that he had obtained more from the wreck and cargo, than he should have expected on the coast of the United States, and felt grateful for the prompt aid he had received.

More than one hundred ships recruit at these islands with little trouble, except what arises from rum among their own seamen, procured from foreign dealers.—Missionaries and their wives feel secure in their houses and employments, though far from any American or European family.—*Missionary Herald.*

**Cure for the Cholera.**—The following statement if true, may be invaluable in the treatment of the Cholera.—Two men employed in extracting salt from the lakes in the neighborhood of Salzburg were attacked by the disease, and left by their medical attendant as incurable. Their bodies had become completely black, when the overseer at the works undertook to

cure them. He heated a quantity of water from one of the salt lakes to a very high degree, and placed one of the dying men in the bath, keeping up the heat. After being in half an hour the man recovered his senses, and expressed how delightful were his sensations. Upon this the other sufferer was put into a similar bath. By degrees their bodies turned from black to purple, then to red, and at the end of three hours they assumed their natural colour, & the men were free from the disease. It may be believed, that the pores being opened by the heat, absorbed the saline particles, which mingled with the blood & liquified it. This corresponds with the known effects of salt upon coagulated blood.—*Worcester Palladium.*

**Economy of Fodder.**—Next let us compare the value of hay with other crops for the feeding of stock. An acre of hay yields one ton and a half of vegetable food; an acre of carrots or Swedish turnips will yield from ten to twenty tons, say fifteen tons, which is by no means an exaggerated estimate. Crops at the rate of twenty-five tons of carrots and twenty-two of Swedish turnips to the acre have been raised among us and much larger crops than these are upon record.

By an experiment it has been ascertained that three working horses, fifteen and a half hands high, consumed at the rate of two hundred and twenty four pounds of hay per week, or five tons, one hundred pounds of oats per week, besides twelve gallons of oats per week, or seventy-eight bushels by the year. An unworked horse consumed at the rate of four and one quarter tons of hay by the year. The produce therefore of nearly six acres of land in this mode of feeding, is necessary to support a working horse by the year; but half an acre of carrots at 600 bushels to the acre with the addition of chopped straw, will, while the season for their use lasts, do it as well if not better. These things do not admit of doubt: they have been subjects of accurate trial.

It is believed, that the value of a bushel of Indian corn in straw and meal, will keep a healthy horse in good condition for a week. An acre of Indian corn which yields 60 bushels, will be ample for the support of a horse through the year. Now it is for the farmer to consider, whether it is better to maintain his horse upon the produce of half an acre of carrots, which can be cultivated at an expense not greatly exceeding the expense of half an acre of ruta бага, which can be raised as a second crop at a less expense than potatoes; or upon a grain produce of an acre of Indian corn; or, on the other hand, upon the produce of six acres in hay and grain; for six acres will hardly do more than to yield nearly six tons of hay and 78 bushels of oats. The same ceremony might be as successfully introduced into the feeding of our neat cattle. I have known a yoke of oxen engaged in the ordinary labor of a farm to be kept three months in winter, in good working condition upon one bushel of Indian corn and about twenty five cents worth of straw per week; and my own team has never been in better condition, both for appearance and labor, than when fed wholly upon a liberal supply of ruta бага and the coarsest fodder. But it has been ascertained by accurate measurement, that an unworked ox put on good old hay, consumed at the rate of 33lbs. per day, or 231lbs. per week, which is upwards of six tons per year of 2,000lbs per ton. There must then be a great saving between feeding in the way referred to, or upon English hay, hay alone, in any quantity, without grain or vegetable, is not sufficient for any hard working animal.—*Coleman's Address.*

New York, Oct. 21.

**The present high price for Food.**—It is a disgraceful fact, that when flour and all kinds of bread stuffs are scarce and exceedingly dear in this country, so much so, as to threaten the most serious inconvenience, if not absolute want, to many thousands of indigent families, that the quantity of grain consumed for that vilest of purposes, the manufacture of whiskey, is not sensibly diminished. The New-York Commercial says one hundred thousand bushels of grain are consumed monthly in the city of New York for that purpose. This is at the rate of two hundred and forty thousand barrels per annum, which might be converted into nourishing food—but which are converted into poison? This is a fact worthy the attention of the philanthropist as well as the adept in political economy—and is thus commented on by the able editor of the Commercial Advertiser:—

“We are perfectly aware that the investigation of this fact, and of its consequences would involve a discussion of the broadest and most important principles of political economy, for which we have neither time nor the requisite knowledge of that very dubious science. But we venture to ask whether the diversion of so vast a quantity of flour from its legitimate destination to wit, the ovens of bakers, has not some effect in creating the scarcity which causes the high price; and whether, if the two hundred and forty thousand barrels were not made into whiskey, the barrel would be sold at five or six dollars, instead of the nine or ten at which we believe it is now held by the dealers.

We do not enter, at present, upon the consideration of various other highly important topics connected with the serious facts to which we have adverted; such as the fatal influence upon society and upon individuals, exerted by these twelve hundred thousand bushels of grain, after their

submission to the worm of the still—the horrors of intemperance...the corrupted degraded frames of its victims...the wretchedness of their families—the crowded state of our penitentiaries, state-prisons and hospitals, mainly imputable to that terrible vice—or the numberless offences against the laws of God and of man, of which it is the remote or immediate cause. We are endeavouring to consider the matter, simply as one of dollars and cents; and in doing so we would ask if there is any sufficient and practicable remedy? Can any body suggest a mode, within the compass of legislation, by which, without producing other as great mischiefs, these two hundred and forty thousand barrels of flour can be rescued from the mash-tub and brought into the oven? If such a mode can be devised, it would prove a blessing, not only to this city, but to the whole country, and perhaps to the world itself.

The question may be well worth asking by the way, what becomes of all the whiskey distilled from these twelve hundred thousand bushels...We have a suspicion that much the larger portion of it is converted by an easy but efficient chemical process, into good French brandy, and sold at something like four times its market value as the produce of rye or corn. We have seen a glass of whiskey from the still, transmuted in half a minute by the addition of eight or ten drops from one phial and twice as many from another, into a high colored, high flavored liquid, at which many a veteran toper would smack his lips, in the honest belief that it was genuine Cognac. Ah! chemistry, chemistry! what an arrant-deceiver art thou: playing more tricks than a whole company of magicians, and enacting changes as great and as puzzling to all but the initiated, as those of the best conjuror in the land.—Batz, Adrien or Bahab Ben Marchael!

To the Editor of the Mississiniqui Standard.

MR. FERRIS SIR,—A few weeks ago the Southern Mail brought me a packet containing my remarks on the Lecture of ‘the Right Revd. Bishop Hopkins.’ The margin of the ‘Remarks’ was filled here and there with pencil comments. I do not owe this nameless leaven-commentator any notice but at the same time, I beg, through your paper, to let him know that his shot was not entirely lost.

I am Sir yours,

J. REID.

SIR LEAD,—On opening your packet, I found you honoured my Pamphlet with your personal and with the labours of your pale pencil. ‘Who you are I know not, nor need I care, since you are ashamed to give your name. No doubt you are very modest, as you seem to have been exempt from the weakness of letting your left knuckle what your right hand was doing. Your charity is unbounded. For you took much pains to convince me of the dreadful misfortune under which I labour, in not being able to fathom the depth of the Bishop's ‘first principles,’ which you have condescendingly alleged ‘are beyond my comprehension.’

As a leaven commentator you have a very summary way of deciding controversies. It is pithy, keen, concise and conclusive. At one time it is a solitary mark of amazement at my stupidity, and ignorance of ‘first principles.’ At another it is the supercilious bearing of what some would take for a pedant relating the mere scraps and shreds which he had learned from his ‘betters.’ At another time you are so sparing of lead as to give me no more than the monosyllable ‘bah.’ Your amazement is regularly graduated from one to six, but when it ascended to the degree marked ‘!!!!’ what a mercy that the accumulation of wonders upon wonders did not overpower the contents of your cranium! Whether indeed the ‘bah’ indicated that you had accidentally dipped your finger into some latent matter; or that you had imagined yourself an ass, and then made an exclamation which in pale pencil mark may apply to either case, I cannot exactly determine.

But with the pale pencil in hand, you are pious, spiritual & scriptural. These high qualifications are, moreover, greatly enhanced by a acute penetrating genius which can demonstrate to men of understanding that if a drunkard cannot comprehend the ‘first principles’ on which ‘the Almighty forbids the sin of drunkenness,’ he may go on to indulge his appetite until he do understand the Bishop's ‘first principles’;—for no reformation of any kind should be attempted or encouraged, until a person comprehend your ‘first principles.’

Your objection to the Temperance Society is, you say, with your pale lead, on the ground that the means, the way and manner it adopts are not in accordance with the means and manner which the Gospel adopts to reform vice. My ‘means, way and manner,’ as a member of the Tem. Soc. are these. I neither buy nor bring home any kind of intoxicating liquor, so that I can not drink in the house any thing stronger than water and when I am abroad I neither buy nor take a drop of liquor nor give nor take a treat. What a pity that you have not expended a little more of your pale lead to inform me what the Gospel of your pale lead is to reform vice, & what ‘means way & manner’ are ‘to reform vice,’ & what we should make of the pretty toy when it is reformed. The apostle St. John, positively informs us that ‘The Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.’ The apostle St. Paul exhorts, ‘Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth.’ Neither of these, it seems, knew any thing about ‘reforming vice.’ They were so unmerciful as to be satisfied with nothing short of destroying or killing ‘vice’; but perhaps, as you ‘comprehend’ ‘first principles’ you may understand how ‘to reform vice,’ if you do, pray, have the goodness, to waste



a little more of your pale pencil, and send the precious leaden commentary to the Printer.

When you extolled the 'talented production' against which I presumed to publish my 'Remarks,' as 'beyond my weak comprehension,' marks, as 'beyond my weak comprehension,' it grieves me sorely that your leaden charity did not prompt you to explain 'the first principles,' of the 'talented Bishop.' Had you done so, I might, by this time, have turned about and joined the cry 'great and unanswerable is the Lee's tale of the talented Bishop.' Having written your pale commentary no doubt, in strict accordance with 'the means, way and manner which the Gospel adopts to reform vice,' I have now the benefit of learning from a man who understands 'first principles' that such practices as in my simplicity I need to consider silly, clandestine, dishonourable and pusillanimous, namely anonymous communications written on the margin of pamphlets to save paper pen and ink, yea, and postage too, may be justified by the Gospel more especially by the golden precept, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Should your pale pencil hold out I have a desire that you would condescend to inform me, whether if a son, in obedience to his father's injunction should commit murder, he might not on the 'first principles' of your leaden commentary be commended for his 'filial obedience.' If you deny this you will contradict your leaden commentary. If you confess it you will be found to have falsely accused Mr. W. of having perpetrated 'a silly perversion of Scripture.' If you hold to the former, it will be seen that you can say and unsay as may suit your purpose; but if the latter, you will show yourself more ready to espouse a note in your brothers eye, than to see a beam in your own. If you hold to what you call, (parrot like, let me tell you) 'first principles,' that 'it was their filial obedience only which he commended,' viz, the obedience of the Rechabites to the commandment of their father, & not their piety & virtue, then it follows in strict accordance with your 'first principles' that it is perfectly immaterial what the act was for which they were commended, whether good or bad, benevolent or malignant, godly or profane, provided it was done in obedience to parental injunctions.

I have further to beg that if your old pale pencil is worn out with your late extraordinary efforts, you would some way or other procure a new one, and send me another leaden answer to the following questions.

- 1 What religious and moral precepts are violated by not drinking intoxicating liquors?
- 2 Are there any religious and moral precepts to be found in the Bible which make it obligatory on mankind to make practice of drinking intoxicating liquors?
- 3 If such are to be found, and sanctioned by an authority which is competent to bind the conscience, what is the penalty of disobeying them? Or in other words what is the penalty of temperance?
- 4 If there are such religious and moral precepts are you not on your leaden, 'first principles' bound to maintain that abstinence from intoxicating drinks is a sin; and vice versa, that the use of them as a common drink, is a virtue?

I am, my leaden Commentator

Your humble servant,  
J. REID.

It is requested that all letters and exchange papers for the Standard, from the United States, be addressed to UNION, Franklin Co. Vermont.

MISSISSKOU STANDARD.  
FRELIGHSBURG, NOV. 15, 1836.

The British Constitution we believe to be the best working one in existence. The House of Commons is the safeguard of the people against oppressive taxation, and is the constitutional organ for expressing the people's wishes and wants. The House of Peers being composed of men the most eminent in the kingdom, for learning, talents, and riches, is at once a check on the encroachments of the Lower House on the prerogatives of the Crown, and on the Crown, should it attempt to abridge the liberty of the subject. The King is set above all, to accept or reject the bills of the two houses, to watch over the interests of the empire, and to see that the business of the executive and judicial departments is transacted with energy and probity. It is such a constitution as can be wholly engrafted on no other country, with success, for it itself was not the result of plan, but of accident. The United States have copied it, and as far as the genius of a republic would permit, have followed it on paper; but its working may be easily detected to be that of a copy, for, while it lacks the energy and the justice of the original, there is no apparatus within itself for amending its defects, should such exist, or consequently to prevent its decay. At this moment the people of the Union, seem to be anxious to abolish it and to establish a pure, unbridled democracy. France has, in a manner, copied the British constitution, and already the government is almost a despotism. Great Britain, by the Act of 1791, has given to Lower Canada, a constitution as near to her own as the circumstances of the colony would admit. By the same act, she

gave a similar constitution to the Upper province. But there is a vast difference in the practical working of the constitution in the two provinces. There is as wide a difference between its operation in Lower Canada and in Upper Canada, as there is between that of France and that of the U. S. The difference arises from the difference of origin.

In Lower Canada a majority of the people are of the same origin as those of old France, and in both countries there is a tendency to a despotism. The despotism of the one is of a different species from that of the other. In France there is the despotism of one, which need not necessarily be a bad government, in Lower Canada it is the despotism of a few, which must, of necessity, be an intolerable one. That such is the truth, we need only refer to the state of France under the convention, and its condition at this day under Louis Philippe.

Great Britain, we have said, gave us her constitution, but she has acted of late years as if she were now unwilling to support it. Every act of hers towards the colony, within these five years especially, has been one of truckling to an insolent faction of Frenchmen in the Assembly, and abandonment alike of her own true interests, & of her children in the colony. Nor is she yet wearied of concession. The ministry, which at present rules her, is ready to yield still farther to the demagogues, by granting the substance of an elective council, while she withholds the shadow. The Assembly, however, is so strongly pledged not to proceed to business, until the council be made elective by the people, or rather by itself, that it is impossible for it to accept the bribe, without overwhelming itself with infamy. Should it refuse, there is nothing left for Lord Melbourne and the despised incapables but to resign. Festinet Deus.

The Canadian announces that his Excellency the Governor in Chief has, in compliance with the demands of the Assembly, removed David Chisholme, Esq. from the offices which he held as Clerk of the Peace and Coroner of the District of Three Rivers. The change has not as yet been stated in the Official Gazette. It is reported that Mr. Guillet, notary, at Machiche, and formerly Member for the county of St. Maurice, is to be appointed Coroner. The office of Clerk of the Peace has not been disposed of.—Gazette.

A person, well known in this city by the name of Bill Collins, has been committed to gaol, on charge of being connected with the robbery of the watches mentioned in our last, as found in the possession of John McGowan, and Augustin Dallaire. Collins was the person in whose possession the gold watch to which we alluded, was found.—Id.

We are sorry to notice the death of Gilbert Robertson Esq. British Consul for Philadelphia, which occurred in that city on Friday week. The National Gazette pays the following well merited tribute to the many virtues which shed a lustre on his long and useful life.—Em. & Old Countryman.

Died, on Friday, the 22d inst. in the 78th year of his age Gilbert Robertson Esq., Consul of his Britannic Majesty.

It is not our purpose to enter into any details relative to the merits of the deceased as a public functionary. The continued approbation of his Sovereign, is sufficient proof his having satisfactorily performed the duties of his responsible office. Cherishing an ardent and unabated fondness for the land of his nativity, we have reason to believe that he entertained the most kindly disposition towards the country in which he was destined to live for nearly half a century. Commemorative of him only in his private capacity, is the ensuing notice intended.

No one of this community was perhaps more widely or advantageously known and none certainly whose death would be more generally or deeply lamented. Long resident in it he sustained by the weight of his character and the polish and amenity of his address the highest position in society, to which he largely contributed by a singularly liberal and refined hospitality. Bred in the old school manners, he presented the best & among the very last specimens of its peculiarities. Dignified and courtly he was still cordial and gracious, and it was impossible to approach him, and not to feel respect, or to conciliate his intimacy, without this sentiment being converted into the warmest affection.

The whole of his qualities were elevated robust and manly. Eminently distinguished by truth sincerity and frankness, he forfeited none of these virtues on any occasion, & seemed uniformly to turn with instinctive disgust from all that is mean, sordid, diminutive or wily. Thus generous, open, and unreserved he commanded entire confidence and security to the last moments of existence a band of faithful and devoted friends who watched over him in his lingering illness, with the tenderest solicitude, and now deplore his decease as an extinguishment

of no small portion of their purest happiness.

**LIST OF LETTERS,**  
Remaining in the Post Office  
**FRELIGHSBURG.**  
11th Nov. 1836.  
St. Armand  
Jason Brewer, Bartholomew McKiff,  
George Cooke, A. W. Clark,  
David Fuller Carpenter,  
Alvin S. Woodbury, John Anderson,  
John Ayer 2nd, Mrs. Richard Clark,  
Elizabeth Mizearn, Sutton,  
J. T. Prentiss, Miss Calinda Dearborn,  
Wm. Brewster.

**Died.**  
At Dunham, on the 12th Inst. Florida McAl-lan, widow of the late Capt. Asa Westover, after a long period of sickness which she bore with exemplary patience and christian resignation.

**Wanted,**  
A few Cords of  
**Wood,**  
to be delivered at the Post office immediately  
J. CHAMBERLIN, P. M.  
Post Office Frelighsburg 7 Nov. 1836.

**Hark!**  
A first rate flock of SHEEP, 80 in number, one COW, one pair of two years old STEERS, and one Double WAGGON, will be sold at Public Auction, near Abbott's Corner, by the subscriber, on the 25th of November instant, at one o'clock, P. M.  
JOHNSON SMITH.  
St. Armand, November 15, 1836. V2-32 2w

**Notice.**  
THE subscriber will purchase and pay the highest price, in goods or a part cash, for  
**Dung-Hill Fowls,**  
**Turkeys, & Geese,**  
to be of a good quality and well dressed, delivered at his Store, in Frelighsburg, between the 15th day of December next and the first day of January, 1837.  
LEVI KEMP.  
Frelighsburg, Nov. 12, 1836. V2 32cf.

**Take Notice.**  
THIS is to forbid any person or persons from purchasing any notes against me in favor of Henry D. Chapman to the amount of thirty or forty dollars dated 7th Nov. 1836 for which I have received no value.  
JOSEPH TAYLOR.  
Churchville 3th Nov 1836.

**Notice.**  
THE Subscribers would say to their friends and the public, that they are receiving from New York, a general assortment of  
**Dry Goods**  
Groceries, Crockery  
& Hardware,  
which they offer for sale, at reduced prices for Cash; or most kinds of Country produce, at their Store in West Berkshire, Vt. Those wishing to make good bargains will do well to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.  
CHAFFEE & BURLESON.  
West Berkshire, Nov. 11th 1836.

**ANOTHER** special meeting of the Frelighsburg Temperance Society will be held at the Brick School house in this village, on Thursday the 24th inst at 6 o'clock, P. M.  
The very excellent attendance, on the last meeting, gives a hope that there will be a better at the one now called.  
A few numbers of the Canada Temperance Advocate for July, August, September, and October, may be had by calling upon the subscriber at his office.  
S. P. LALANNE Secy. F. T. S.  
Frelighsburg, 15th Nov. 1836.

**Notice.**  
ALL the creditors of the Estate of the late John A. Rhodes, are requested to meet at the house of Abel Smith at Missiskoui Bay, on Friday the twenty fifth of November, at one o'clock P. M. To agree upon the term of payment for the Sale of the real Estate of the late John A. Rhodes.  
ORSEN SMITH, Curator.  
St. Armand, Nov. 5 1836. V2-31 2w

**Public Sale of Real Estate.**  
WILL be sold at Public Auction, on the 27th day of November inst. immediately after divine service at St. Pauls Church, all the  
**Real Estate**  
belonging to the late JOHN A. RHODES, of St. Armand, consisting of one FARM, containing about one hundred & fifty acres of LAND. Fifty of which are under good improvement; together with a GRIST MILL, SAW MILL, and MARBLE MILL; all of which are in good repair.  
One dwelling house 28 by 40 feet well finished, and three smaller HOUSES occupied by tenants, with two BARNs and SHEDs; and other out buildings necessary for said farm. Also a LUMBER LOT containing about one hundred and seventy acres of LAND, with some pine and other valuable Timber thereon, lying about four miles from the above situation.  
The location of the above property renders every inducement to purchasers to avail themselves of this opportunity.  
Conditions made known at time of Sale.  
ORSEN SMITH, Curator.  
St. Armand, Nov. 5, 1836. V2-31 2w.

**Notice.**  
THE subscriber is desirous of purchasing one hundred  
**Store Hogs,**  
and is now ready to receive them at his Distillery, at Bedford. Will also pay Cash and the highest prices for all kinds of GRAIN.  
PHILIP H. MOORE.

**Wanted,**  
A YOUNG MAN, who has a knowledge of Business relative to a Country Store, to whom good encouragement will be given, by applying soon to the subscriber.  
P. H. MOORE.  
Bedford, October 25, 1836. V2 29.—tf.

**NEW GOODS,**  
JUST RECEIVED!!!  
**Munson & Co.,**  
In returning thanks for the good share of Public patronage with which they have been favoured, inform their old friends and customers that they have received and are now opening at their store in Phillipsburg, a very nice, well selected, and extensive assortment of  
**Fall & Winter GOODS!**  
all of which they will sell as cheap as they can be bought at any Store in the Townships, none excepted.  
They add further, that they will purchase good  
**Pine Logs,**  
that will make Plank or Boards, for the southern Market, to be delivered at any responsible Saw-Mill within 10 miles of Missiskoui Bay; and will make advances on the same to any responsible person. The Logs to be delivered any time in the course of next Winter.  
Phillipsburg, Nov. 3, 1836.

**Public Notice**  
I hereby given that the Havensville Mill is now in full operation, and the proprietee feels it his duty to the public as well as to himself, in consequence of some unfavorable reports circulated by some evil disposed persons, to assure them that he is able, and pledges himself to do as good work as can be done at any other Mill in the province. He would add that his Stout Mill, the only thing that failed to operate to his satisfaction at the commencement, has been remodeled, and is now pronounced by good judges who have examined it, to equal if not surpass any other they have ever seen; but as bad news always drives past while good news waits, he would apprise his friends of what they may have forgotten, that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it and not in the steam.  
M. HAVEN.  
Dunham, Oct. 25th, 1836. V2 30-4w

**Notice.**  
BROKE into the enclosure of the subscriber, on the 17th inst., a red COW, with a star on her forehead, and off horn broken. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.  
EZRA BAKER.  
Clarenceville, 18th October, 1836. V2 29—tf.

**Notice.**  
I hereby certify that I have paid a certain NOTE of  
**200 Dollars,**  
in favor of PAUL WHITNEY, bearing date April, 1819. Also one of 20 DOLLARS, payable to Amos Messor, date unknown. I hereby forbid any person or persons buying said Notes, as I have once lawfully paid them.  
SAMUEL PATTERSON.  
Liverpool, Medina Co., Ohio, Aug. 25th, 1836.

**RAIL-ROAD LINE**  
OF  
**Mail Stages**  
FROM  
**STANSTEAD-PLAIN**  
TO  
**ST. JOHNS.**  
Messrs. CHANDLER, STEVENS, CLEMENT & TUCK, Proprietors.  
FARE 3 1-2 DOLLARS, (17s 6d.)  
LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain in the evening.  
Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening.  
Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please, breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus the advantages of this new line are obvious.

**Machine Cards.**  
The subscriber, agent for Mr. S. P. Bent, manufacturer, Middlebury, Vermont, has received samples of the above; orders for which will be taken at low prices & executed with despatch.  
JAMES COURT,  
Commercial agent,  
Montreal, th17 August, 1836. V2 20-12w


**For Sale.**  
A valuable situation for a country Mechanic, on the road from Frelighsburg to Phillipsburg—1 miles from the latter place. There are 30 acres of good LAND, 20 of which are improved; a DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD-SHED, BARN, and SHOE-MAKER'S SHOP. The buildings are new, and in excellent repair. Terms moderate. For particulars apply to the proprietor on the premises.  
GEORGE FELLERS.  
St. Armand West, 4th Oct. 1836. V2-26tf

**Strayed,**  
FROM the pasture of the subscriber, in Dunham, two 2 year old HEIFERS, one yellow, with a star on the forehead, the other a dark red, with some white on the legs; any information respecting the same will be thankfully received by the subscriber; & all reasonable charges paid.  
ARCHIBALD M. MILTIMORE.  
Dunham October 21, 1836. V2.29—tf.

**INFORMATION** Wanted of HENRY BRENT, Blacksmith, of Hampshire, England, who sailed from Portsmouth in the ship Hercules, and arrived at Gross Isle about a month ago, where he left his son Wm. Brent, a lad about 14 years of age, who is now at the Emigrant Sheds in Montreal. Any information addressed to J. C. Gundlack, Esq. will be attended to.

**NEW STORE & New Goods!!**  
**H. G. Smith**  
Is now receiving direct from New York, an entire new stock of  
**GOODS,**  
at the new Store, just fitted up, a few doors south of P. H. Campbell's Hotel, in  
**ST. ALBANS,**  
where will be found a good assortment of  
Fancy & Staple  
**Dry Goods;**  
among which are:—  
Sheetings, Tickings,  
Bating, Wadding,  
Cotton Yarn, Wicking,  
French, English & German  
**Merinoes,**  
Merino Circass.  
Common do.  
(a first rate article.)  
Goats' Hair Camblets,  
Common Camblets,  
Figured and Plain ilks,  
(of almost all colors.)  
Silk, Velvet, &c.

**Teas,**  
Tobacco, Spice, Pepper,  
Ginger, Salaratus, Snuffs,  
Raisins, Sugar, Coffee,  
and almost all kinds of Dry Goods, of a superior quality. A very large assortment of

  
**Crockery & Glass Ware, Hard Ware, Nails, Glass,**  
Fish & Flour,  
Paints & Oil,  
Buffalo Robes, Caps,  
Collars, Fur Tippets,  
and other articles too numerous to mention; a of which will be sold for Cash or Produce, at ver reduced prices. Inhabitants of Canada, intending to make purchases in this town, will find it to their interest to call and examine qualities and prices before purchasing elsewhere.  
18th October, 1836. V2 28-6w

**For Sale,**  
  
AN Excellent FARM, situated upon the main road, in the flourishing Township of Farnham, adjoining the residence of Samuel Wool, Esquire, M. P. P. The farm is advantageously situated, and contains 200 acres of land—on a half under good improvement, upon which there is a dwelling house, and two new barns have been recently erected with a small shed attached to one of them. Title indisputable—terms liberal. For further particulars enquire of De. Chamberlin, of the village of Frelighsburg, or the undersigned proprietor.  
**SARAH WINCHESTER.**  
Dunham, 3d Sept., 1836. V2. 22, 12w.

**New Goods.**  
THE subscribers have just received an extensive assortment of  
**Dry Goods,**  
consisting of a great variety of  
Broad Cloths, Cassimeres,  
Calicoes, Gingham,  
French Muslins, Fig'd & Plain Silks,  
Summer stuffs,  
Tuscan and Plain Straw  
Bonnets, &c. &c.  
—ALSO—  
Crockery and Glass Ware,  
Dry Groceries,  
Lamp Oil,  
Boiled Linseed Oil,  
Raw do.  
Red and White Lead,  
Mackerel and Cod Fish,  
Sole Leather,  
Hardware,  
Iron, Steel, Nails,  
Scythes, scythe Smiths,  
Rakes, scythe Stones and Rifles,  
of the most approved kinds, &c. &c.  
All of which are offered for sale as cheap and upon as liberal terms as at any Store in the County.  
RUSSELL & ROBERTS.  
Missiskoui Bay, June 28, 1836. V2 12tf.



## MISCELLANY.

### THE ORPHAN.

About forty years ago, a post chaise was a sight more novel in the little hamlet of Thorndean, than silk gowns in country churches during the maidenhood of our great-grandmothers; and as one drew up at the only public house in the village, the inhabitants, old and young, startled by the unusual and merry sound of its wheels, hurried to the street. The landlady on the first notice of its approach had hastily bestowed upon her goodly person the additional recommendation of a clean cap and apron; and, still tying the apron strings, ran bustling to the door, smiling colouring and courtesying and courtesying and colouring again, to the yet unopened chaise. Poor soul! she knew not well how to behave—it was an epoch in her annals of inn-keeping. At length the coachman, opening the door, handed out a lady in widow's weeds; a beautiful golden haired child, apparently not exceeding five years of age, sprang to the ground without assistance and grasped her extended hand. 'What an image o' beauty!' exclaimed some half dozen of bystanders, as the fair child lifted her lovely face of smiles to the eyes of her mother. The lady stepped feebly towards the inn, and though the landlady's heart continued to practice a sort of fluttering motion which communicated a portion of its agitation to her hands, she waited upon her unexpected and unusual guests with a kindness and humility that fully recompensed for the expertness of a practised waiter. About half an hour after the arrival of her visitors, she was seen bustling from the door—her face as the villagers said, bursting with importance. They were still in groups about their doors, and in the middle of the little street, discussing the mysterious arrival; and as she hastened on her mission, she was assailed with a dozen such questions as these—'Wat ye wha she is?' 'Is she ony great body?' 'Hae ye ony guess wat brought her here?' and 'Is yon bonny creature her ain bairn?' But to these and sundry other interrogatories, the important hostess gave for answer—'Hoot, I hae nae time to haver the noo.' She stopped at a small, but certainly the most genteel house in the village, occupied by a Mrs. Douglas, who in the country phrase, was a very douce, decent sort of an old body, and the widow of a Cameronian minister. In the summer season, Mrs. Douglas let out her little parlour to lodgers, who visited the village to seek health, or for a few weeks' retirement. She was compelled to do this from the narrowness of her circumstances; for, though she was a 'clever handed woman,' as her neighbours said, 'she had a sair fecht to keep up an appearance onyway like the thing ava.' In a few minutes Mrs. Douglas, in a clean cap, a muslin kerchief round her neck, a quilted black bombazeen gown, and snow white apron, followed the landlady to the inn.—In a short time she returned, the stranger lady leaning upon her arm, and the lovely child leaping like a young lamb before them. Days and weeks passed away, and the good people of Thorndean notwithstanding all their surmises and inquiries, were no wiser regarding their new visitor; all they could learn was, that she was the widow of a young officer, who was one of the first that fell when Britain interfered with the French revolution; and the mother and her child became known in the village by the designation of 'Mrs. Douglas' twa pictures'—an appellation bestowed on them in reference to their beauty.

The beautiful destroyer, however, lay in the mother's heart, now paling her cheeks like the early lilly, and again scattering over them the rose and the rainbow. Still dreaming of recovery, about 8 months after her arrival in Thorndean, death stole over her like a sweet sleep. It was only a few moments before the angel hurled the fatal shaft, that the truth fell upon her soul. She was stretching forth her hand to her work-basket, her lovely child was prattling by her knee, and Mrs. Douglas smiling like a parent upon both, striving to conceal a tear while she smiled, when the breathing of her fair guest became difficult, and the rose which a moment before bloomed upon her countenance, vanished in a fitful streak. She flung her feeble arms around the neck of her child, who now wept upon her bosom, and exclaimed—'Oh! my Elizabeth, who will protect you now—my poor, poor orphan?' Mrs. Douglas sprang to her assistance. She said she had much to tell, and endeavoured to speak; but a gurgling sound only was heard in her throat; she panted for breath; the rosy streaks deepening into blue, came and went upon her cheeks like the midnight dances of the northern lights; her eyes flashed with a momentary brightness more than mortal, and the spirit fled. The fair orphan still clung to the neck, and kissed the yet warm lips of her dead mother.

As yet she was too young to see all the dreariness of the desolation around her; but she was indeed an orphan in the most cruel meaning of the word. Her mother had preserved a mystery over her sorrows and the circumstances of her life, which Mrs. Douglas had never endeavoured to penetrate. And now she was left to be as a mother to the helpless child for she knew not if she had another friend; and all she had heard of the mother's history was recorded on the humble stone which she placed over her grave—'Here resteth the body of Isabella Morton, widow of Captain Morton; she died amongst us a stranger,

but beloved.—The whole property to which the fair orphan became heir by the death of her mother did not amount to fifty pounds, and amongst the property no document was found which could throw any light upon who were her relatives, or if she had any. But the heart of Mrs. Douglas had already adopted her as a daughter; and, circumscribed as her circumstances were, she trusted that he who provided food for the very birds of heaven, would provide the orphan's morsel.

Years rolled on, and Elizabeth Morton grew in stature and in beauty, the pride of her protector, and the joy of her age. But the infirmities of years grew upon her foster mother, and disabling her from following her habits of industry, stern want entered her happy cottage. Still Elizabeth appeared only as a thing of joy, contentment and gratitude; and often did her evening song beguile her aged friend's sigh into a smile. And to better their hard lot, she hired herself to watch a few sheep upon the neighboring hills, to the steward of a gentleman named Sommerville, who, about the time of her mother's death, had purchased the estate of Thorndean. He was but little beloved for he was a hard master, and a bad husband; and more than once he had been seen at the hour of midnight, in the silent churchyard, standing over the grave of Mrs. Morton.... This gave rise to not a few whisperings respecting the birth of poor Elizabeth. He had no children, and a nephew who resided in his house was understood to be his heir. William Sommerville was about a year older than our fair orphan, and ever as he could escape the eye of his uncle, he would fly to the village to seek out Elizabeth as a playmate. And now, while she tended the few sheep, he would steal round the hills, and placing himself by her side, teach her the lesson he had that day been taught while his arm in innocence rested on her neck, their glowing cheeks touched each other, and her golden curls played around them. Often were their peaceful lessons broken by the harsh voice and blows of his uncle. But still William stole to the presence of his playmate and pupil, until he had completed his fourteenth year; when he was to leave Thorndean preparatory to entering the army. He was permitted to take a hasty farewell of the villagers, for they all loved the boy; but he went only to the cottage of Mrs. Douglas. As he entered, Elizabeth wept and he also burst into tears. Their aged friend beheld the yearnings of a young passion that might terminate in sorrow; and taking his hand she prayed God to prosper him and bade him farewell. She was leading him to the door, when Elizabeth raised her tearful eyes; he beheld them and read their meaning, and, leaping forward, threw his arms round her neck, and printed the first kiss on her forehead! 'Do not forget me, Elizabeth,' he cried, and hurried from the house.

Seven years from this period passed away. The lovely girl was now transformed into the elegant woman, in the summer majesty of her beauty. For four years Elizabeth had kept a school in the village, to which her gentleness and winning manners drew prosperity; and her grey haired benefactress enjoyed the reward of her benevolence. Preparations were making at Thorndean Hall for the reception of William, who was now returning as Lieut. Sommerville. A post chaise in the village had then become a sight less rare; but several cottagers were assembled before the inn to welcome the young laird. He arrived, and with him a gentleman between forty and fifty years of age. They had merely become acquainted as travelling companions; and the stranger being on his way northward, had accepted his invitation to rest at his uncle's for a few days. The footpath to the Hall lay through the churchyard, about a quarter of a mile from the village. It was a secluded path, and Elizabeth was wont to retire to it between school hours, and frequently to spend a few moments in silent meditation over her mother's grave. She was gazing upon it, when a voice arrested her attention, saying, 'Elizabeth—Miss Morton!' The speaker was Lieut. Sommerville, accompanied by his friend. To the meeting of the young lovers we shall add nothing. But the elder stranger gazed on her face and trembled, and looked on her mother's grave and wept. 'Morton!' he repeated, and read the inscription on the humble stone, and again gazed on her face, and again wept. 'Lady!' he exclaimed, pardon a miserable man—what was the name of your mother?—who the family of your father? Answer me, I implore you!' 'Alas! I know neither,' said the wondering and now unhappy Elizabeth. 'My name is Morton,' cried the stranger; 'I had a wife—I had a daughter once, and my Isabella's face was thy face!' While he yet spoke, the elder Sommerville drew near to meet his nephew. His eyes and the stranger's met. 'Sommerville!' exclaimed the stranger, starting. 'The same,' replied the other, his brow blackening like thunder, while a trembling passed over his body.—He rudely grasped the arm of his nephew, and dragged him away. The interesting stranger accompanied Elizabeth to the house of Mrs. Douglas. Painful were the enquiries; for while they kindled hope and assurance, they left all in cruel uncertainty. 'Oh, sir,' said Mrs. Douglas, 'if ye be the father o' my blessed bairn, I dinna wonder at auld Sommerville growing black in the face when he saw ye; for, when want came hard upon our heels and my dear motherless & fatherless bairn was driven to herd his sheep by the brae sides, there wad the poor, dear, delicate bairn

(for she was as delicate then as she is bonny now) been lying—the sheep a' feeding round about her, and her readin' at her bible, just like a little angel, her lee lane, when the brute wad come sleekin' down alint her, an' gien' her a drive wi' his foot, cursed her for a little lazy somethin' I'm no gaun to name, and rugged her bonny yellow hair, till he had the half o' it torn out o' her head;—or the monster wad riven the blessed book out o' her hand, an' thrown it wi' an oath as far as he could drive. But the nephew was aye a bit fine callant; on-ly, ye ken, wi' my bairn's prospects, it was na my part to encourage onything.'

Eagerly did the stranger, who gave his name as Colonel Morton, hang over the fair being who had conjured up the sunshine of his youth. One by one, he was weeping and tracing every remembered feature of his wife upon her face; when doubt again entered his mind, and he exclaimed in bitterness—'Merciful Heaven! convince me! Oh, convince me that I have found my child!' The few trinkets that had belonged to Mrs. Morton had been parted with in the depth of her poverty. At that moment Lieutenant Sommerville hastily entered the cottage. He stated that his uncle had left the hall, and delivered a letter from him to Col. Morton. It was of few words, and as follows:

'MORTON,—We were rivals for Isabella's love—you were made happy, and I miserable. But I have not been unrevenged. It was I who betrayed you into the hands of the enemy. It was I who reported you dead—who caused the tidings to be hastened to your widowed wife, and followed them to England.—It was I who poisoned the ear of her friends, until they cast her off.—I dogged her to her obscurity, that I might enjoy my triumph; but death thwarted me as you had done. Yet I will do one act of mercy—she sleeps beneath the grave where we met yesterday; and the lady before whom you wept—is your own daughter.'

He cast down the letter, and exclaimed—'My child!—my long lost child!' And in speechless joy, the father and the daughter rushed to each other's arms. Shall we add more? The elder Sommerville left his native land, which he never again disgraced with his presence. William and Elizabeth wandered by the hill side in bliss, catching love and recollections from the scene. In a few months her father bestowed on him her hand, and Mrs. Douglas, in joy and in pride, bestowed upon both her blessing.

### TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly. Communications must be addressed to JAMES MORRIS, Editor; and if by mail, post paid.

### STANDARD AGENTS,

Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.  
Elihu Crossett, St. Armand.  
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.  
Galloway Freligh, Bedford.  
Capt. Jacob Rutter, Nelsonville, Dunham.  
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville.  
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.  
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.  
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.  
Whipple Wells, Farnham.  
Henry Boright, Sutton.  
William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge.  
Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg.  
Henry Wilson, La Cole.  
Levi A. Coit, Potton.  
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.  
Nathan Hale, Troy.  
Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor.  
Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George.  
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt.  
Enos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.

Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the Mississkoui Standard, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the Office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.

## S M I T H ' S Cheap Store. New & Splendid Goods.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his friends and the public, that he has just received one of the most extensive, splendid and general assortments of

### Goods

ever offered for sale in this section of the country. All of which are of the very first quality and latest Fashions. Without particularizing, he solicits most respectfully, a fair examination of his Goods and prices, before purchases are made elsewhere.

Every kind of Farmers' Produce received in payment, for which the highest price will be paid.

W. W. SMITH.

Mississkoui Bay, June 25, 1836. V2 124f.

## Just Received.

The subscriber has just received at his store in HIGHGATE, an extensive stock of  
Teas, Coffee,  
Spices, Tobacco,  
Domestic Cottons, &c. &c.  
which he offers to his friends by wholesale, low for cash or credit.

August 9, 1836.

W. W. SMITH.

CASH paid for

### BUTTER.

W. W. SMITH.



## Cash for Wool!

### NOTICE

IS hereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.  
Sherbrooke, May 10, 1836. V2—7

## FRANKLIN STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY

SMITH, HARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

### STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,

AT

BURLINGTON, Vt.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry, in the United States. Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

### CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F.

BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt.  
January 12 1836.

## Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity that he still continues the

## Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

DANIEL FORD.  
Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11—1y.

### TO THE PUBLIC.

All kinds of Job Printing, executed at this office on the shortest notice. A good supply of School certificates, blank deeds, &c. on hand, and at as low a rate as can be purchased at any other place.  
Frelighsburg, February, 1836.

### TO THE AFFLICTED

DR. M. HATCH'S VEGETABLE PILL CATHOLICON, the only

### SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY

FOR THE

## PILES

This medicine has stood the test of 20 years' experience in extensive private practice, and has stood without a rival since its introduction to the public for positively curing this troublesome complaint. Price, 5 shillings.

### EWEN'S ANTIBILIOUS AND CATHARTIC

### PILLS:

an easy and safe family medicine for all bilious complaints; jaundice, flatulence, indigestion, fever and ague, costiveness, headache, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, or any disease arising from a deranged state of the stomach and bowels. Price, whole boxes 2s and 6d, half boxes 1s and 3d.

DR. ASA HOLDRIDGE'S

### GREEN PLASTER.

for dressing and curing immediately all kinds of fresh cuts and wounds; which from its strong adhesive qualities supersedes all other kinds of dressings; and if the directions are strictly adhered to, will in no instance require a renewal. It is also advantageously used in cleansing and healing all old sores and foul ulcers. Price, 1s and 3d.

DR. WARNER'S

### INFALLIBLE ITCH OINTMENT.

Warranted to contain not a particle of mercury or other deleterious drug; and if seasonably applied will require one application only!! Price 1s and 3d.

All the above are supported by abundant and respectable testimony, as may be seen by applying to the following agents, wherethe medicines may be purchased—

Hapgood, Clarenceville; Beardsley & Goodnow, Henrysburg; Munson & Co. Philipsburg; Dr. Oliver, Newell, and Levi Stevens, Dunham; Cook & Foss, Brome; Hedge & Lyman, and George Bent, Montpelier; Joseph E. Barrett, post-ridge, Frelighsburg; and many other Druggists and Dealers throughout the Province. Also at the Druggist Store in Frelighsburg. 1y

## PRIZE MEDALS.

THE Natural History Society of Montreal offer three Prize Medals for the three best subjects:—

1. On the connection between the language and the character of a people.  
2. On the physical history of rivers in general, and of the St. Lawrence in particular.  
3. On the circumstances which affect climate in general, and the climate of Lower Canada in particular.

4. On the comparative adaptation of prairie and forest to the settlement of a new country.

5. The changes that have taken place in the habits of exotic plants cultivated in the northern parts of America, particularly as regards the changes induced on their agricultural and horticultural properties.

The conditions are:—

1st. The Essays shall be presented on or before the 20th of February, 1836.

2d. The Essay may be in French or English.

3d. The names and residences of the Authors must be concealed: to ensure which, each Essay shall have a motto, and shall be accompanied by a sealed note supercribed with the same motto, and containing the name and residence of the Author. This note shall only be opened in the case of the Essay being declared worthy of a Prize, otherwise it shall be destroyed.

4th. The successful Essays shall remain the property of the Society.

5th. The Society reserves to itself the right to withhold the Prize, should no one of the Essays on any particular subject appear deserving of it.

The Essays are to be addressed to J. S. M<sup>rs</sup>. Cord, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

ANDREW H. ARMOUR,

Recording Secretary,

July 30 1836

## 26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

## PHILADLPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania says—'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union'; the other, the enquirer and Daily Courier, says, 'it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 30th, 1836 says, 'the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable "reading matter" than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re-publish in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give to it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

## TEE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale, to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of Pencil Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of the poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the 500 dollars premium, which will also be entered in the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of the Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matters, and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

## MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a handsome Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but a splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

## TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York A1 edition, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Maps)

WOODWARD & CLARKE,  
Philadelphia.